

"WOMEN CAN BE CHARMING AT ALMOST ANY AGE"

says Frances Starr

"Of course I am 30," says Frances Starr, famous stage and screen star. "Years matter so little nowadays if a woman knows how to guard complexion liveliness."

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"I-3-2"

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS-COME-TRUE

BY
MARGARET BENDER
"The House of Dreams," The Montreal
Mirror & Star, Ltd., London.

CHAPTER XXXI—Continued.

"Well, I'll take you back to the house," he said cheerfully. "But look here, you've no coat on and you're wet with rain!"

"I know. My coat's at the luggage. I left it in a hurry, you see!"—eminently. The irascible Peter, an element, came to the core, was remembering still.

"Well, we must fetch it!"—

"No! No! Her voice rose in hearty protest. "I won't! I can't go back!"

"Then I'll go."

"No! No! Geoffrey might be there—"

"So much the better," grins. "I'd like five minutes with him. Tomorrow's hand tightened directly on the hunting-gear he carried. "But he's more likely to be in his way in the mist had fetched up far enough away. Probably—"

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watching until the little business should be satisfactorily accomplished and blowing gently through his vestly nostrils merrily.

And then Jean found herself rising against the curve of Blaise's arm, with a pair of strong arms and a cool, firm and solid as a rock beneath her.

"All right!" queried Blaise, gathering up the reins in his left hand. "Lean well against my shoulder, there, how's that?"

"It's like an arm-chair," she laughed.

"You won't want my arm," he commented ruefully. "But by the end of the journey, Jean was fast asleep. She had 'least well' as directed, conscious, as she felt the firm clasp of Blaise's arm, a supreme sense of security and well-being. The reaction from the strain of the afternoon, the exhaustion consequent upon her flight through the mist and the fall which she had so suddenly ended it, and the rhythmic 'sit' of the horse's hoofs in the combined rhythm.

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have to marry me—do you hear?"—impudently. "You shall never run such a risk again! We'll get married, at once!"

"And Jean with a quiver of amazement at the corners of her mouth, responded meekly:

"The next minute his arms were around her and his lips met in the first supreme kiss of love at last acknowledged—of love given and received."

"There is no gauge by which those first moments when two who love confess that they love may be measured. It is the golden, timeless space, when 'unborn' moments of dead yesterday" came to him in round about and only love, and love's joyous, rapture."

To Blaise and Jean it might have been an hour—a complete period looked off by the little silver clock upon the chimney-piece—or half eternity before they came back to the recollection of things mundane. When they did, it was across the kindly bridge of humor.

Blaise laughed out suddenly and boyishly:

"It's preposterous!" he exclaimed. "I quite forgot to propose."

"To you did I suppose?" smiling up at him impatiently—"suppose you do it now?"

"Not if I won't waste my breath when I might put it to so much better use in calling you beloved!"

Jean was silent, but her eyes answered him. She had made room in his hands for, and now he was seated upon the edge of the Chesterfield, holding her in his arms. She did not want to talk now. That still, ardent happiness which lay deep within the heart is not prone to quarrel.

At last a question—the question that had tormented her through all the long months since she had first realized whether love was leading her, found its way to her lips.

"Why didn't you tell me before, Blaise?"

"His face clouded. "Because of all that had happened in the past. You know—you have been out of about twenty—"

"Ah, well! Don't talk about it, Blaise," she broke in hastily, sending his distasteful recoil from the topic.

"I think we must a little dear," he responded gratefully. "I had not seen Claire since her engagement had been called off."

"She did. And I expect she was perfectly right."

"He shook his head. "No," he answered. "The fault was really mine. I was in a confusion of mind. I was not at all blame—nor even very much."

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near to him, his heart overflowing with compassion. He looked down at her and smiled a thought fondly. "But now—you've beaten me!"

"His blue eyes had been 'The glad to be beaten, beloved.'—'I know, that day at Montevideo, what you might come to mean to me. And I intended never to see you again, but I wanted to see you for the first time, that day, having made such an utter hash of things, having spoiled your woman's life and been, indirectly, the cause of her death. It was not fit to hold another woman's happiness in my hands.'"

Jean rubbed her cheek against his shoulder.

"I'm glad you thought better of it," he said.

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You said it! It pays to "ROLL YOUR OWN" with..



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FINER CUT Cigarette Tobacco

Super-Station For Empire Broadcasting

Plans Completed For Giant Station Of Stupendous Power

The British Government has had in mind a long time a station that will broadcast programmes from the Motherland to all parts of the Empire. Music and talks by eminent Britishers would be provided. Now, from the twenty-four, because when the sun is shining in Canada the moon is shining in Australia and the folk there are asleep.

As the British Empire is so far-flung that the sun never sets upon it, it is necessary to have the key to open the portals of life's great emergencies to their brethren. The wondrous power of experience! When the sun is shining in Canada the moon is shining in Australia and the folk there are asleep.

The new station at Danvers will be a giant effort of stupendous power to overcome all the obstacles to thousands of miles of broadcasting in all kinds of weather and climatic conditions. It will have seventeen different towers in three directions, to facilitate rapid changes from one wave to another.

When it is ready, agreements, which even now are being negotiated, will be completed with the various overseas broadcasting stations to accept a regular service of British programmes every day—St. Thomas Times Journal.

Comerick Cuts

Spurious Fifty Cent Pieces Being Cut

The 50 cent piece is in a fair way to pass out of use as legal tender in Vancouver unit which has been the subject of much of the denunciation is large.

A large corporation is stated by police to have taken in more than \$100 worth of the spurious money, while other firms report acceptance of sums ranging from \$50 to \$100.

A number of persons detained passing the coins have been questioned by police, but it is not known whether they had accepted them. Recently several months ago a Vancouver resident caught a counterfeit.

Within a short time, however, coins bearing the date 1918, 1917, 1915, and of less value than the 50 cent piece have been killed within in charge of an aeroplane, state the Royal Aero Club.

The windmill blades of an English autogiro can be folded up to allow easy storage.

She's Up in the Air Again

These she is... or she is not to be seen in the air again. She is the only woman pilot in the world who has been killed while in charge of an aeroplane, state the Royal Aero Club.

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